Duke. Bring forth the ſtockes ho?
You ſtubburne miſcreant knaue, you reuerent bragart,
Weele teach you.

Kent. I am too old to learne, call not your ſtockes for me,
I ſerue the King, on whoſe imployments I was ſent to you;
You ſhould doe ſmall reſpect, ſhew too bold malice
Againſt the Grace and perſon of my maiſter,
Stopping his meſſenger.

Duke. Fetch forth the ſtockes: as I haue life and honour,
There ſhall he ſit till noone.

Reg. Till noone, till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your fathers dogge, you could not vſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir being his knaue, I will.

Duke. This is a fellow of the ſelfe ſame nature,
Our ſiſter ſpeake of; come bring away the ſtockes.

Gloſt. Let me beſeech your Grace not to doe ſo,
His fault is much, and the good King his maiſter
VVill check him for't; your purpoſt low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and temneſt wretches for pilfrings
And moſt common treſpaſſes are puniſht with;
The King muſt take it ill, that hee's ſo ſlightly valued
In his meſſenger, ſhould haue him thus reſtrained.

Duke. Ile anſwer that.

Reg. My ſiſter may receiue it much more worſe,
To haue her Gentlemen abus'd, aſſalted
For following her affaires; put in his legges,
Come my good Lord, away:

Gloſt. I am ſory for thee friend, tis the Dukes pleaſure,
VVhoſe diſpoſition all the world well knowes
VVill not be rubd, nor ſtopt; ile intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray you doe not ſir; I haue watcht and trauaild hard,
Sometime I ſhal ſleepe out, the reſt ile whiſtle;
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles:
Giue you good morrow.

Gloſt. The Dukes to blame in this, twill be ill tooke.

Kent. Good King that muſt approue the cõmon ſaw;
Thou out of heauens benediction comeſt

To the warme Sunne.
Approach thou beacon to this
That by thy comfortable bean
Peruſe this letter, nothing alm
But miſerie, I know tis from
VVho hath moſt fortunately b
Of my obſcured courſe, and ſl
From this enormious ſtate ſee
Loſſes their remedies: all wear
Take vantage heauie eyes not
This ſhamefull lodging. Fortu
Smile, once more turne thy w

Enter

Edg. I heare my ſelfe procla
And by the happie hollow of a
Eſcapt the hunt; no Port is fre
That guard, and moſt vnuſual
Doſt not attend my taking: wh
I will preſerue my ſelfe, and an
To take the baſeſt and moſt po
That euer penury in contempt
Brought neare to beaſt; my fac
Blanket my loynes, elſe all my
And with preſented nakednes
The wind, and perſecution of
The Countrie giues me proofe
Of Bedlam beggers, who with
Strike in their numb'd and mo
Pins, wodden prickes, nayles,
And with this horrible obiect,
Poore pelting villages, ſheep-
Sometime with lunaticke bans,
Enforce their charitie; poore T
That's ſomething yet, *Edgar* I n

Ente

Lear. Tis ſtrange that they
And not ſend backe my meſſen

Knight. As I learn'd, the nig

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